

Our Fourfooted Friends

and How We Treat Them

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ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

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CONTENTS

Humane Week.....	2
Public Meeting.....	3
Stories for Old and Young.....	7
League News and Notes.....	12
Branch Work.....	14



COMRADES

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HUMANE WEEK

April 24-29

Again the call goes out all over the country that out of the 52 weeks that make up our year one week—or, at least, one day out of one week—men, women and children—in churches, in school rooms, in the home—shall give serious thought to those living creatures called (wrongly) by many people “dumb animals”; by others, “the lower animals”; by most people just “animals,” unmindful of the fact that we are all animals of greater or lesser degree of intelligence. Here and there you may know of some one who calls them our “friends and helpers” or “our humble associates,” and the good St. Francis of Assissi went so far as to call them “our little brothers and sisters.”

It does not matter what we call them, but it does matter greatly how we regard them. Do we regard them as machines created merely for our benefit, or do we think of them as living, sensitive beings, wanting to live independent lives, entitled to consideration (just as much as we are entitled to consideration) and often deserving kindness far more than many human beings.

There is many a man who is not half so good, so useful or so deserving of happiness as his horse or his dog,—and we might say the same of idle, useless women, who live only for themselves, and whose only object in life is to “have a good time.”

Here and there you may see a pampered pet that is kept for nothing but show—a dog or a cat valued for his pedigree—not for his capacity for devotion, his intelligence, his companionship, but for his “points.” His value is in dollars.

He is what his owner has made him; but for one such dog or a cat you may find hundreds that are valued for the comfort they are to their owners—for their love and companionship that, through years, has never, for one moment, failed.

You may look about and see thousands that are longing to love, and to be loved; longing for a home where they are appreciated, but who are

ill-treated, cast out, trodden under foot; their lives a constant martyrdom.

As for the horse, the cow, the sheep—when I think of all they have done for us for centuries and are still doing, and of the constant misery inflicted on them, I feel that it is not one day or one week in a year we need to think and talk about them, but every day of the year *some* lesson should be taught to those who will not consider the rights of these their fellow creatures,—who take all and give nothing; who treat them, or let them be treated without remonstrance, worse than they would treat an inanimate machine. Those men and women who ignore the ill-treatment, the daily, hourly suffering inflicted on the lower animals, need some severe lesson to wake them up, some lesson that they could not forget.

I cannot help wishing at times when I see the cold indifference, or the half-contemptuous amusement, or the open hostility which some men and women show if I venture to make any plea for a more thoughtful and kind appreciation of these so-called lower animals, that they could be entirely deprived of them. I ask them to consider what they suffer—the family, or carriage, or race horse is sold or given away in his old age; the cruel transportation and slaughter of cattle goes on continually; the fiendish steel trap is set in every piece of woodland, and animals die in torture; sheep are turned out in unsheltered pastures in winter and shorn of their warm coats before the cold spring storms are over; the chained dog, the abandoned cat; the dreadful cruelties of trained animals, of caged animals, the cruelties perpetrated on animals to make a moving picture show for thoughtless people to laugh at. How many adult persons give these crimes against their helpless fellow creatures a second thought? How many would give a dollar or turn over their hand, or speak one word to prevent them?

So I end as I began. We need not only one day or one week, but we need a mighty awakening, a world-wide revival to put a stop to cruelty—that worst and most selfish and most despicable of all crimes.

Love to our fellow creatures—the least as well as the greatest—is the beginning and the end of true civilization and true Christianity. Without

Love all our profession of Christianity or civilization are nought, and at the least excuse we sink back into the savage.—A. H. S.

Humane Law a Century Old

In 1822, exactly 100 years ago, Richard Martin, member of parliament from Galway, introduced into the British parliament the bill which became the first anti-cruelty law in the history of the world.

Before this, no animal of any kind, anywhere on the face of the earth, had any rights that any human being was legally bound to respect. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, cock fights, etc., were approved by widely attended public exhibitions; abuse of draft horses, cows, domestic pets, were of common occurrence; animals tortured to death on the streets, in anger or for amusement's sake, were passed lightly by. It was thought the height of absurdity to show "squeemishness" over an animal's agony or its shocking, unmerited death.

Lord Erskine, the popular, courtly, kindly aristocrat of high birth and wide attainments, was openly jeered from palace to slums when he, ten years before Martin's time, proposed a legislative act curtailing the most vicious of the cruelties he daily encountered.

Martin's act was inclusive of all animals but was primarily directed to the abusive treatment, lack of food, water and shelter given cattle in transportation. His remedial legislation was won only after a long, bitter contest. Little by little it has enlarged its scope, and the spirit of justice, kindness, human responsibility to animals has gone from the British Isles to every part of the civilized globe.

Much still remains to be done. The abuse of animals in America today is such as to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any decent, thoughtful person. The new year just opening will mean little to humans in the way of betterment and fair play if we resolutely turn our backs on these neglected, mistreated lesser brothers. Though voiceless, they have rights we are in honor bound to respect.

May the new year and the new century honor Humanity Martin for his initial splendid work.

An international centennial celebration is being planned. May America do her share by giving honor where honor is due, by clasping hands with all the nations of the earth in so beneficent and righteous a cause, and by their own legislative acts, personal conduct, appropriation of funds and training of children make America a land where every animal is safe, well cared for and happy.—L. M. Clark in "Our Animals."

Public Meeting

The Public Meeting of the Animal Rescue League was held in Unity Hall, Saturday, March 18, at eleven o'clock. We chose that morning on account of the children that we hoped would be there to hear Thornton W. Burgess, who was kind enough to come and speak for us, but it seemed to be an unfortunate morning for our members, as, considering the fact that we sent out about three thousand post cards and had less than four hundred in the audience, it would seem as if either our members were not interested in having a Public Meeting, or had previous engagements. It was a little discouraging to the president and speakers as we hoped to have a crowded house.

We did not advertise Mr. George Arliss, as we were not certain of his coming, though we were sure he would come if he possibly could spare the time. He did come, and gave us a very interesting and impressive talk of about fifteen minutes.

Mr. Burgess was full of interesting stories which the children, who were present, and the grown up people enjoyed very much. He told of a wonderful out-of-door school in Springfield where birds have been brought in by the children in a disabled condition, and where they have been restored to health, and now fly about freely amongst the young rescuers. He also told many interesting anecdotes illustrating the intelligence of birds and of the wild, or, as he called it the "free" animals, and made the point, which we have always considered one of the strong features of his stories, that when children could regard animals in a personal and individual way they would no longer be cruel to them. It was because they had not been educated to understand the affection, the intelligence, and the interesting traits which all animals and

birds exhibit as we study them, that they treat them with so much indifference, and often with cruelty.

Thirteen children received prizes, their ages ranging from nine to eighteen years. This is the largest number of prizes we have ever given and is one of the most encouraging features of our work. When we first began to give the Alice N. Lincoln medals we sometimes found it difficult even to get two noteworthy cases of kindness towards animals amongst the children, but every year the number has increased, and this year we might easily have given twenty or more prizes if we had felt we could do so, as the number of children doing specially kind acts was unexpectedly large. We will give in another column the names of the children and the kind deeds they performed.

One of our clerks who was present at the meeting was able to take a few notes on Mr. Arliss' talk, which we give below, but this does not give much idea of the value or the interest of his talk:

"I am continually hearing people sneer at 'sentiment.' I say thank Heaven that someone has some sentiment; thank Heaven that Mrs. Smith had sentiment enough to take that pedlar's horse. I consider that where animals are concerned we should have sentiment. It was a great satisfaction to me, for instance, to be able to place my little dog when he died in that cemetery at Pine Ridge. I can go there and see my little dog's grave, and come a little closer to him than I otherwise could. That cemetery at Pine Ridge has given us the opportunity of showing love and respect for these animals we have loved after they are dead. .

"People so often say to me that animals do not think; but have you ever looked into a dog's eyes? The eye is the only feature of the entire body that cannot lie. On the stage you must meet the audience with your eyes.

"I think that kindness in ninety cases out of a hundred is a result of education, and therefore it is very important for children to realize that animals suffer when not treated kindly. I have many times suggested that some stray animal should be adopted in schools where children could be brought into contact with them. Some stray animal could be brought in and cared for

until he got gradually better. In England, and I have no doubt in many other countries, there are schools where girls and boys have the care of dogs, chickens, cows, horses, and ducks, and they learn to milk the cows and feed the chickens, and all these things are valuable in teaching them the necessity and the advantages of being kind and considerate to animals. It is the getting hold of the children while they are quite young and planting in them that seed of kindness that is so valuable. I do not think that we are going to get any farther in civilization until we learn to be kind to animals.

"I feel there is no advance made in civilization until we wholly realize what we owe to the animals. There will be no advance in civilization until we realize that animals have the same rights as we have. Then, I believe we will become civilized, and I think little by little sentiment is growing. I do not call it an advance in civilization to experiment on animals. We call that an advance in science. I beg of you all to bring home to everyone you can the realization that animals suffer. Kindness is a result of education."

Alice N. Lincoln Medals and books used for prizes:

Medals and Prizes
Awarded at Public Meeting
Animal Rescue League
March 18, 1922

For deeds of kindness to animals:

Medal:

Hazeldine Borden, 72 Old Colony Avenue, Wollaston, Mass., rescued her dog that got under the ice. She was out skating when her dog broke through the ice. Hazeldine was only able to get off one of her skates; she plunged into the open water, got her dog from under the ice and placed him on solid ground. The water was over seven feet deep. One day in the summer she stopped a man when he was beating his horse, took the whip from him, and had the man arrested and put into court. She also once rescued a small child from drowning.

Medal:

James Coffee, 63 Longwood Avenue, Roxbury, rescued a young pigeon from the sewer. Two small boys held James by his legs and he

went down the sewer after the pigeon. When he came out he was a sight to behold, but that did not trouble him; he was so happy to rescue the pigeon.

Medal:

John Koehler, from the Phineas Bates School of Roslindale, went to a fire one night on Walk Hill Street near Forest Hills Cemetery, and while the fire was raging and people were standing around he looked into a back window and saw three kittens and a small dog on the floor, evidently forgotten. He jumped through the window and handed the kittens and dog out to a fireman, then climbed out himself. He said the fireman shook hands with him and complimented him on his bravery.

Medal:

Timothy Clifford, 24 Rochester Street, Boston (11 years old), was out in his yard one day, when he saw smoke. He thought someone was burning rubbish and did not pay any attention until he saw the engines coming, and saw his mother and little sisters out on the fire escape going across to the opposite building. He then thought of his dog. He asked some boys if they had seen his dog, and they told him he was seen last on the fire escape near the window. By this time the smoke was so blinding nothing could be seen of the dog. Clifford could not go into his own house, so he rushed into the next building, went across in all the smoke with flames shooting out from the lower window right up to where the dog was, and found his pet lying almost unconscious. The poor dog had tried to follow the family, and Clifford's mother thought his foot must have caught somehow. Clifford took his dog in his arms and carried him to a safe place, and everything possible was done, but his fur was badly singed and he coughed and could not seem to swallow. He was brought to the League and our doctor did all he could to save him, but he died the next day. When Clifford came to the League and found his dog dead, he said, with his eyes full of tears: "He is dead, I feel bad because he was a poor little stray pup six months ago; people would take him in for a day or two and then kick him out, so one day I took him home

and have kept him ever since. I was the only one he loved and I think the reason he would not go across the fire escape to safety was because he thought I was still inside the house; I don't think his foot caught at all."

Books to the Following:

Louis Lee, 40 Oak Street, Waltham, Mass. (11 years old). A boy living in a poor section of the city, said his father was at home sick and his mother working out. He walked nearly a mile at noontime, the thermometer 94 degrees in the shade, with a kitten he had taken from some boys. It was badly injured, but was purring its thanks for the protection of the boy's arms.

Joseph Moore, 35 Rockwell Street, Dorchester (13 years old), discovered a cat in the top of a very high tree. Joseph got a ladder and climbed the tree, and after at least one half hour's hard work with a rake, at the risk of having his face badly scratched (for by this time the cat was wild with fright), he succeeded in getting the cat and dropped him into a basket held by several children.

Charles Krensky, 11 Copeland Street, Roxbury (16 years old), climbed up a tall elm tree to over the height of two stories before he reached a limb to rescue a kitten. The kitten in its fright had gone almost to the top and with great risk Charles climbed out on a slender branch, inch by inch, until the kitten was reached. He managed to hold on to the frightened little thing until he reached the last limb down, then was obliged to drop it into a policeman's arms. The crowd watching held their breath for fear the boy would lose his balance with the struggling kitten. This kitten had been up in the tree a day and a half, and was so frightened it was some time before he could be induced to take even a little warm milk.

Raymond Clapp, 688 Madison Street, Malden, and John D. McDonnough, 85 Madison Street, Malden, rescued a dog from drowning near Dizzy Bridge in the Malden River after a man had endeavored to drown it. The boys heard a whin-

ing of the dog, and upon investigation found it had been tied in the water to a spring which kept it nearly covered, the owner expecting the tide to come in and drown the dog. The boys released the dog, and took him to the nearest police station.

Arthur Fitzpatrick and Philip Fitzpatrick, 8 Revere Street, Boston, during the terrible ice storm, made four trips and brought into the League eleven pigeons that were badly frozen, their wings being caked with ice. The boys were also covered with ice and were wet through.

Billy Janick, 65 Moore Street, Cambridge (9 years old), rescued a cat that was being stoned to death, by ten boys. As these boys were much larger than himself Billy waited until they turned to gather more stones when he picked up the cat and ran. He also thawed out a frozen pigeon and kept it until it was well again. He rescued baby birds and placed them back in their nests. He takes cats to the Receiving Station in Cambridge whenever he finds them wandering about the streets.

Norman McMillan, 223A, West Fifth Street, South Boston, has been very helpful in watching for cases where horses are going about wholly unfit for work, and in finding out the names of the owners and reporting the cases to us. He also searched the woods for traps and found several of them, and brought them to us to be destroyed.

Honorable Mention:

Mrs. Owen, of the Phineas Bates School, of Roslindale, sends me the following report of kind deeds performed by her children. These are the names of the boys and girls who have worked for the cause of humanity and some of their kind and helpful deeds:

Dorothy Goddard and Margaret Stanley have fed the squirrels all winter. They come to the window sills every morning, waiting for the children to bring nuts.

Arthur Eichwalk, Cornelius Stanley, and John Galvin have searched through the woods for

traps and have found several. One day they found a pheasant caught in one; they always smash the traps when they find them. The pheasant was carried to a house and they bound up its leg. The Stanley boy has found several half-frozen birds and placed them in his barn on the hay. When they get warm they fly away again.

John Galvin found a squirrel with his tail frozen into the ice.

Donald Robinson gave a stray collie a home.

Edith Christoforo placed a stray cat in a good home.

Alfred Brymer placed a cat and Arthur Eichwald placed a dog in good homes.

The children all help teams up the hills by putting sticks or stones behind the wheels; they blanket horses that they find uncovered.

Irene James gave a man a blanket when he stopped at her door and asked for a drink of something warm.

The children carry out the ashes from the schoolhouse and scatter them on the steep hills.

They reported a driver to the police for beating his horse, and for leaving it uncovered on cold days and also for swearing at them when they attempted to cover the poor horse with a blanket.

Joseph Walsh is another of the boys who is constantly doing helpful acts for both man and beast.

Pine Ridge Animal Helpers' Club

We are delighted to welcome a club of young girls who come to the aid of our work with all the enthusiasm of youth. This club, which was started by Fredericka Houghton and Esther Grew, is named the Pine Ridge Animal Helpers' Club, and it will be seen by its title is formed for the purpose of helping in every possible way it can all animals, particularly those that are brought to the Animal Rescue League for comfort.

It was at my suggestion that they named it the Pine Ridge Club, as I am anxious to have the young people take special interest in our Home of Rest for Horses, and want them to visit it in the spring and summer. It is a lovely place for a day's picnic with its beautiful bits of woodland, rustic seats, and its summer houses.

Our Home of Rest needs greater support than it gets, for the cost of feeding horses, particularly during the last few years has been very great. If we simply turned them out to pasture in summer, as is done in some places, the cost would not be so great, neither would the animals have so comfortable a time, but, although we have ample pastures, and five separate paddocks of varying sizes, yet, every night they go into the large barn to box stalls and have a good supper, and breakfast in the morning of the kind of grain that horses love so much and depend on for their strength.

We always have a certain number of dogs at Pine Ridge, not for placing in homes but for our own comfort and safety, and these dogs are also an expense; then, too, the police of Dedham bring many stray dogs to Pine Ridge to be taken care of until either homes can be found or they can be carried into the city and mercifully put to death. Special donations for Pine Ridge have not been as numerous as the place deserves, and through this club of animal helpers we are hoping for a great improvement in this respect. These children are all attending Miss May's private school and the officers of the club are: Fredericka Houghton, President; Elizabeth Paul, Secretary; Esther Grew, Vice President; Barbara Proctor, Treasurer.

Jack, Anna and May

Three little kittens,
Jack, Anna and May,
All ran away,
One summer day.
They were hunting, they said,
The best place to stay,
Jack, Anna and May.

Three little kittens,
Jack, Anna and May,
Came back home
That very day.
For their home, they said,
Was the best place to stay,
Jack, Anna and May.

—E. D. Nelson, Washington, D. C.



FREDERICKA AND HER PET GOAT

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

My Goat

Beauty is my little kid. Some goats are not so friendly as Beauty and Snow, her mother. In summer they have a large place to live in, and many rocks which they love to climb over. They eat leaves and barks of trees and grass. People say they eat tin cans but that is just a saying.

One day as mother, my sister and I were going to Millis we saw a large black goat eating the paper off a sign board. She must have been pretty hungry to do that. Snow is part angora. Her coat is silky and she has long horns but never butts anyone. Beauty is not yet one year old and is just getting her beard. They are so fond of us that they cry when we leave them. When I go out into the field with them the mother lies down at my feet while Beauty goes to sleep in my lap.

We also have a dog named Sancho. Then there are two horses, one's name is Don. My horse who is 34 years old is Fram. My sister has a pony named Meeko, and a goat named Egypt for she is so black.—Fredericka Houghton.

Winnie and Jennie

A friend in New Hampshire recorded in a letter the following incident:

I must tell you about our pet lambs Winnie and Jennie, the little ones that were up near the road

when you came. People say that sheep are stupid, may be. I will tell you what happened a night ago. We were awakened at 3 A.M. by hearing Winnie baaing very steadily as she walked back and forth between the barn and the house door. (We do not confine those two.) Mr. Innes got up and took his lantern to the barn and was gone some time, but all was quiet. After a while he came in laughing; Jennie had in a most mysterious way fallen down where the hay is pitched to the barn cellar. We have some big cattle down there and poor Jennie was frightened, but not hurt at all, we are glad to say.

Mr. Innes picked her up and carried her upstairs, some job as she weighed about 85 pounds and has very heavy wool. Winnie was delighted to have her dear Jennie safe, and they both went to their beds and all was peaceful. Now if sheep are stupid why did Winnie try to make us hear and help her when her chum was to her mind in danger.

The Story of Little Bo

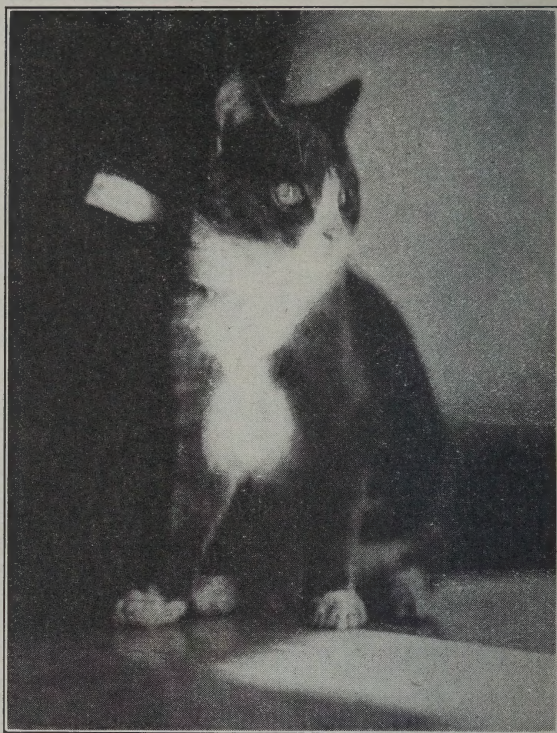
I am wondering if any of my fourfooted friends would be interested in the story of my life. It's not a very long one as I'm not yet quite four months old.

When I was a tiny kitten some cruel person threw me out in the cold world to shift for myself, and I could say with another little kitten I heard about:

"Meow, meow,
I've no place to eat,
I've no place to sleep,
I've only the street,
Meow, meow, meow."

But unlike so many little wanderers I was fortunate in finding the doorstep of a dear, kind lady who loves cats. She took me in and saved my life. Soon I became very sick and they didn't think I would live, but with love and tender care I seemed to be all right again. As this kind lady already had two beautiful cats she thought her family quite large enough, so she found a new home for me and here I have been for almost two months.

I can't begin to tell you how I love my good home and all the dear people in it, but life is not



BO

all joy for, the day after I came (Thanksgiving Day), I was taken sick again and couldn't eat any of the good things provided. I was feeling so miserably that I hid away on a shelf behind some things, and for over an hour no one knew where I was. When they found me they were very glad and I heard them talking and talking as to what they could do for me. Finally they got a bottle of Dr. True's elixir and poured the nastystuff down my throat twice a day for a week, but didn't it make me feel good! Now I'm happy to say I'm as well and lively as any kitten you ever saw. I heard someone say today that I was a "live wire," if you know what that is.

You'll hardly believe it, but I'm telling you the truth. During my sickness I had the advice of two doctors, a dentist and a trained nurse. Can you beat it? I just hated to have so many people fussing over me, and how I wanted to be let alone! All of them were just as good and kind as they could be and I'll never forget it.

You may think I have a peculiar name, but I like it and always come running whenever I hear

them call: "Bo, Bo, Bo." As I was a little hobo cat that was considered a very appropriate name for me.

My latest adventure was having this picture taken, which they say is a very nice one. Would you ever think I was once a hobo? I did act dreadfully when the photographer came, because I didn't know what was in that big black box pointing straight at me. He was very good and patient with me because he likes cats.

In my home they have a pretty picture of a beautiful old cat who died several years ago. One of the family said that was the nicest cat they ever had and I was next. I did think that was a compliment and I hope I'll always live up to it.—Abbie Cook Putnam, for Bo.

John and Fido

(A True Story)

John Beidemere is a Swede, who has a little home on Asbury Avenue, Asbury Park. John's business is driving a garbage wagon, and save for a little dog companion he is quite alone in this great world. Fido is a fox terrier, who loves John as much as his master loves him, and Fido's most important business is being his master's best friend and guarding the home and the chickens while John is away.

One day recently John and Fido were walking along the avenue when some hunters came out of the woods with a hound dog. Fido ran forward to greet the hound, and both dogs wagged in friendly dog fashion. John called Fido, who turned to go toward him, when Mike Ferrilli, son of a barber in Asbury Park, raised his gun and deliberately shot at the receding Fido, almost severing the right fore leg from his body. Poor John was beside himself with grief, and a kind boy who happened to pass by, named Lester Tilton, made a tourniquet about the wound to stop the blood flow.

In the meantime Mrs. Wilcox, superintendent of Monmouth County S. P. C. A., was upon the scene and a veterinarian was summoned. Poor little Fido was carried to his home and placed on a couch in John's kitchen. John was heart-broken when the veterinarian despaired of saving

the life of Fido. "O, my poor little dog," he cried, tears rolling down his face, "if he die I die, he my only friend."

Fido was put under an anæsthetic and the leg amputated at the shoulder. For a week no one thought Fido would pull through; he was kept under anæsthetics part of the time, Mrs. Wilcox and John feeding him milk by the spoonful, John giving up his job to be nurse for his little dog friend. Then, one morning, Fido seemed better and the doctor said the wound had begun to heal. John said: "O, I be so happy if only Fido can live!" A few days more and the little dog thumped his tail on the couch when John approached, and in an incredibly short time improvement began; Fido was hobbling about the house, where real joy prevailed. Now, Fido is going about on three legs about as easily as he did on four, and appears to be as happy as a dog can be.

But about those hunters? They were arrested by the S. P. C. A. and fined \$25 and costs—making a total of \$29.50—by Judge Dodd of Asbury Park, who reprimanded the boys severely for their cruelty and meanness to a poor dumb animal.—William Hockman.

The Destroyer

The wildwood all was gay
With squirrel and bird and hare;
Each path was a smiling way,
And the leafy sky was fair;
Careless each roundelay,
Careless the least thing there.

But sudden the squirrel fled,
On a sudden ceased the thrush,
And the grouse to her covert sped,
And the rabbit sought the brush;
And like to a pall widespread
Brooded a frightened hush.

For Something was drawing near,
And Something was passing by—
In the woodland aisles a fear,
A cloud o'er the woodland sky;
And the mouse scarce dared to peer
From under the dried grass, nigh.

Was an ogre stalking abroad
 Of a shape too dire to scan?
 Was a tiger, thirsty-jawed,
 Bearing afar his ban?
 Nay, the wildwood quaked, hushed—awed,
 For the passer fell was Man!
 —Edwin L. Sabin, in "The Era."

The Story of a Vireo

We had a darling yellow-throated vireo living with us last summer from June 15 to July 28. This little bird was blown from a large maple tree during a high wind, in front of our home, with the nest and three other baby vireos, all of them being dead when found, except this one who was picked up by a boy and brought to us just before dark, because we "would know what to do with it." The poor little thing was nearly dead from exposure, for the day was cold, and could not chirp or open his bill to be fed, and sat with his eyes closed. We did *not* know what to do with it, but did the kindest thing we could think of, put him to bed in a strawberry basket with flannel sheets over and under, expecting birdie would be dead before morning. I took him to my room, so that if he survived the night I could care for him, and, before hardly daylight, about four A.M., he chirped several times, and I hurried to uncover him, when he threw back his head and opened his mouth wide. I filled him full with such things as I had ready, cereal, crumbs, and so forth until he went to sleep again. First thing in the morning we boiled an egg half an hour, and mashed it with a fork, putting in a little butter, and for the next two weeks Birdie's diet consisted of egg, strawberries, crumbs, johnny-cake, bananas, angel cake, and anything good, all of which had to be put in his wide open mouth from the tip of a silver fruit knife or a spoon.

At first he called for food every half hour, and later once an hour. He slept a few nights in a berry basket, and then a neighbor loaned us a bird cage with a perch. After the first week little Vireo began to fly, always landing on the floor. As soon as the birds began to sing out of doors, he woke up, was taken out of the cage, and put on a long perch by an open window, and preened his feathers, every one, flitted his wings,

fluffed himself many times, and then called for breakfast, which was served immediately. Then about five o'clock, he would try to fly to the bed, not always getting there without help, where he would cuddle down in the hand of the lie-abed lady, tuck his bill under his wing, and have another nap, until the rest of the family were ready to get up. Once he brought a big raspberry from his own breakfast, and dropped it under the eye of the one in bed. One time the one in bed very inconsiderately went to sleep, and her hand turned over, which landed the little bird with his feet in the air, at which he screamed "Murder, help, can't you lie still when you know I am asleep? I haven't had such a jolt since I blew out of the tree."

During the day he was wherever the family happened to be, downstairs in the summer kitchen, in the barn, or upstairs. In the barn and shed he had perches where he would sit an hour at a time, and every time he was spoken to, he answered, "Tweet-a-tweet." After he had been with us about two weeks, he had a bath in a basin, which he thought great fun, and water flew in all directions. About this time it seemed necessary to leave him alone, for about two and a half hours, which was long after feeding time, and when we returned he flew to our shoulder and scolded long and loud. He was so excited that we had to talk to him a long time and tell him that if he would stop scolding we would feed him and we knew we had abused him by leaving him so long. Finally Birdie said, "Tweet-a-tweet, I am most starved," and he cuddled against our neck.

We put him on the table and stuffed him full, and next time we went away put his lunch where we were used to feeding him, and he helped himself while we were gone, and always afterwards, he would eat part of each lunch alone. We added cooked berries, water, clear berry juice, lettuce, bananas, and sour milk to his menu, all of which he was very fond of, and would eat the inside of blueberries and leave the skin.

About the fourth of July Vireo took his first flight out of doors into the tall trees, and was out one-half hour, coming in of his own free will, tired to death. The next day he was gone four hours or longer, and went across the road to the river where the boys were in swimming, and

alighted on their heads, and they fed him berries.

He came in towards night tired and hungry, and after this he went out every day, and when we went to the door and called "Birdie," or "Tweet-a-tweet," he would always come to us and alight on our head or shoulder.

July 7 Birdie slept out of doors all night, in a tree near the house, but came rushing in next morning early, almost starved. After he learned that my sister slept on the piazza, he came every morning and woke her up, when the birds began to sing, and when she got up she brought him in to see me, he would hop all over her head and face, and try to peck her eyes open.

He always had breakfast as soon as he came, and would make his toilet, and dance a two-step the length of the curtain-rod perch.

Before he slept out of doors we had to put him to bed several times, before he would stay put, because his wings would take him to the door towards the light much faster than my feet could take me, but after he had taken all the exercise he wanted, he would settle down, and never make a sound until morning. When his friends called to see him Vireo was never afraid, but would go to each one, alighting on head or shoulder, or a finger held out for the purpose.

After the first night out of doors he never stayed in again, and was out most of the day, coming in a dozen times to eat, where his table was always set with fresh food that he liked, although now he was getting bugs and flies out in the trees, and all the time he was growing big and fat and "hard as nails." His wings and tail were marked with the yellow feathers and he was very beautiful.

July 24 he sung his "hear me, see me," song, a low, sweet contralto, and when I heard him I hurried to the door, and said, "Birdie are you singing?" and he stopped immediately, flew to my shoulder, and seemed to say, "Tweet-a-tweet, how do you like it?" Next morning my sister heard him singing on the other side of the house, and another bird was with him, who looked exactly like our pet. He never came in the house afterwards, and although we were glad he had found a friend, we felt rather hurt that he did not take her in to lunch, and show her off to his friends. We never saw the parent birds, and suppose after

the destruction of the nest, they went away.

I want to add that we keep a cat, and think as much of him as the proverbial "old maid." While Birdie was small and could not fly, he and Bobby (he has no tail) were not allowed in the room together, but later they hobnobbed to the extent that Bobby sat on the floor and watched Vireo eat, but never to our knowledge did he frighten the bird. Bobby was picked up and put out of the room so many times that he would take himself off in a hurry when he saw the bird come in. This does not prove that the cat would not have eaten the bird, had he been left alone with him, but for some unaccountable reason, he seemed to understand that when a bird comes into the house it is sanctuary. We never saw "a smile on the face of the tiger."

We believe in the loving and feeding creed, and practice it on birds, and cats and dogs alike. In the winter we have hundreds of hungry birds who come to be fed, and English sparrows are just as welcome as the others. We have had crippled birds, and a bird with a twisted neck, who after a while would not come with the others. There was a robin with only one leg last summer, and, when he pulled a worm out of the ground, had to balance himself with his wings.

I think there are too many boys who are allowed to have the slingshots and air guns, and hope the boys here will have more love for birds after knowing this little vireo. We are glad to have had him with us, and hope if he lives until next summer he will return and have a home near us. We have had all kinds of pets, chickens, turkeys, one robin, pigs, calves, lambs, and about everything that lives on a farm, but nothing dearer than this little wild bird, who could not remember being cared for by anyone else.—Bertha F. Ball, Ashuelot, New Hampshire, November, 1921.

Eddie Tuttle, who is fifteen years old, is owner of a curly tailed dog with only one eye. The mongrel was frisking about on thin ice in a flooded gravel pit, and Eddie risked his life to save it. Eddie is a pupil at Pitman (N. J.) High School. When the dog broke through the ice Eddie at first tried to reach it by stretching fence rail on the surface. Half way to his goal he broke through, reaching shore with difficulty. He then



ALFRED AND PRINCE, A LEAGUE DOG

stripped, plunged into the icy water and swam to the narrow strip of ice still separating the dog from open water. This he succeeded in breaking and the pup swam ashore after him. Rescuer and rescued were exhausted.

The boy was attended by physicians, who said he would be none the worse for his adventure. When asked why he had risked his life for a dog, Eddie replied:

"Every dog's a friend of mine."

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of March the League received 3791 cats, 451 dogs, 47 horses, and 32 birds (pigeons and sparrows). 68 dogs and 22 cats were placed in homes. 12 lost dogs were restored to owners.

Our readers can judge somewhat of the extent of our humane educational work by noting the following list of places to which we have sent literature since January first: Texas, Ohio, Illinois, Maine, New York, Connecticut, Kentucky, Florida, California, Tennessee, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Washington, and a number of places in Massachusetts, also to India, London, Lima, Peru, and to Switzerland.

At the Stoneham Branch Mr. Weston reports they have received 3,216 cats and 560 dogs since opening their work in 1914.

An Emergency Case

A cat was reported to us as being up in a tree four days. The tree was very old and the branches so rotten that our agents were afraid to climb out on the small limbs, though a number of attempts were made to rescue the cat. Hours were spent on this particular case. At last one of our men managed to place salmon and catnip on one of the limbs, and the cat was attracted by this and came down to get it. Finally our men were able to get her and she was brought to the League. The entire neighborhood was glad of this rescue for the weather being stormy, and the cat being so cold and frightened, howled so that the people could not sleep. Our agents got great praise for this rescue.

We recently received a letter of inquiry from a woman who had given us her pet-cat last September as she was unable to keep it any longer, and she was anxious to know how the cat was now getting on after being placed in a new home. Our records were immediately referred to; we wrote to the present owner of the cat, and received the following reply, which information has already been sent to the former owner of the cat. We know it will be a comfort to her to realize her cat has found another such good home.

"I have read your letter dated March 20 with reference to the pet cat which you gave to us last September. We have this cat at our home in North Wilmington and she seems quite contented now although at first she was rather uneasy. We have a small gray cat that we received from the Animal Rescue League some time last fall and the two cats seem to get along together and are very much contented. Our home is in the country and they have plenty of food and good care. Both cats are first-class mousers."

Mr. Irwin, our travelling agent, reports that he has found places on the Cape where they never even heard of a humane society, and did not know that any such thing existed. He tells a very touching story of a case called to his attention where three puppies were deserted by their owner. He went to the shed, found the puppies

crying, and suffering with cold; and evidently nearly starved to death. Mr. Irwin went some distance to a neighboring house and got two quarts of milk with which to feed the hungry little creatures. He then made inquiries and found that the owner of these puppies was away on a visit. She did not care for the puppies and allowed Mr. Irwin to carry them away to a friendly house where they could be disposed of as he thought best, either placed in good homes or put to death.

There is always so great a call for the story leaflets published by the Animal Rescue League that we decided to publish three stories that had not before been put into leaflet form, and they are now ready for circulation. The titles of these stories are:

The Yellow Kitten—5¢ each, 50¢ dozen, \$3.50 per hundred

A Town Meeting—5¢ each, 50¢ dozen, \$3.50 per hundred

The Farmer's Boy—15¢ per dozen, \$.50 per hundred

On the back of two of these leaflets are some instructions about the care of animals. We would be glad to receive any orders for these leaflets and to have our members circulate them amongst Sunday Schools and day schools and thus help on the cause of humane education.

A few of the 47 horses taken by the League agent, Mr. Macdonald, last month were:

Fruit pedlar's horse, reported as seen in Cambridge, being "old, tired and all-in," found and purchased for \$5.

Old black horse in East Boston hired out to anyone. Seen on Exchange Street, city, driven in express. Evidently had had his spine injured. Bought him for \$7.

Horse used for hire seen on Arlington Street, in an old express wagon. Agent paid \$7 and took possession.

Horse in Chelsea, being used with a tumorous growth on side. Persuaded the owner to give him up without pay.

Horse in Chelsea, blind in one eye and suffering with heaves, paid \$5.

Very old and stiff horse was being used in contractor's wagon. Agent made the owner give him up without payment.

Many other horses were visited by our agent who saw that their bridles, blinders, and saddles were corrected; that tired horses were laid off for rest; that horses with sores were treated and taken from work.

By these notes of work done for horses it can be seen that there are always horses to be found in harness that are unfit for work and we urge our members to observe such horses, take the name or number from the wagon; describe the color and condition of the horse, also what sort of a wagon he is drawing, and where the horse was seen—then send to us and our agent will find the horse if possible. We do not mean to ask that such complaints should be sent only to us; send to any Humane Society that is most convenient—but do not "pass by on the other side" when you see a suffering animal.

A horse was reported as seen in a waste paper wagon on Albany Street, old and very lame. Our agent found him at North End, and the owner was persuaded to give him up without pay.

A contractor working for the city was using a horse with drop soles on both front feet and generally in bad condition. He secured him by payment of \$5.

A wood pedlar was found using a blind horse with knees badly bruised from frequent falls. He was persuaded by our agent to give the horse up to him.

Other horses were rescued from further misery by our agent from contractors, cheap express wagons, one milk dealer, a number of pedlars. These horses were suffering with ringbone, sprains, broken winded, blindness, that was partial and affected their vision causing stumbling and falling. These horses were taken at once from their owners and put to death, or taken for a period of comfort to our Home of Rest.

A member complained of a horse being lame in both hind legs, scarred hips, and unfit for work, that she saw on the streets. Our agent found him, and persuaded the owner to give him up

without any payment. This same member complained of another horse she saw overloaded dragging a team in Roxbury and wearing a muzzle. Our agent succeeded in securing this horse by a very small payment.

These few instances are repeated many times in the course of a month. Complaints come to us, our agent follows them up, and in most cases he is able to do something. Where a horse is unfit for work he can generally either persuade the owner to give him to us, or, when the owner is a very poor man, he can get the horse by giving a few dollars, which is sometimes an act of kindness and justice to the man, since these horses are often purchased by poor and ignorant men who do not know anything about horses and are deceived by the horse dealer.

—————
BARNSTABLE, MASS., April 24, 1921.

The dog I received February 28 is very happy and contented and seems perfectly well. He is bright and affectionate, and I am slowly but surely making him mind me.—R. C. D.

—————
BEDFORD, MASS., April 27, 1921.

In answer to your inquiry regarding dog 609 which I got from you February 15, 1921, I wish to say that he is entirely satisfactory to me and apparently very happy himself. He seems to be perfectly well. He eats milk bone three times a day and drinks a great deal of milk. He has gained in weight. I feel that he is an unusually intelligent and kind dog. He is very watchful of my baby and no one can come on the grounds or into the house without his warning me. These are just the qualities I desired. I had occasion the other day to lightly spank my baby whereupon the dog barked at me as if it were not to his liking. All in all, I am very happy with "Kim" and we love each other very much. He has a good home, I assure you, and I very much appreciate him.—J. K. P.

One day last week one of our members from Newton came in bringing a tiny kitten, very thin and miserable. She said she was looking out of her window when she saw a car drive up to a vacant field near by and stop. A woman got out with the kitten in her arms, dropped it in the

vacant lot, then went back to her car, in which were sitting two other women, and drove away, the women all laughing. She tried to get the number of the car, but it went so quickly she was unable to do so. Yet our ministers and our school teachers rarely mention cruelty to animals in their work!

BRANCH WORK

Margaret C. Starbuck

In looking over my records for the past eight years I find that 56,192 dogs and cats have been taken to our Receiving Stations. The large majority of these have been taken to these Stations by children.

The animals were mostly lost, sick, injured, or homeless. They were brought from poor neighborhoods, from tenement house districts where telephones are not used, and where even the writing of a postal card to send to our headquarters would never be attempted. The value of our Receiving Stations is that through them many wretched animals are brought to us that we should not otherwise get.

At our Receiving Station on Northampton Street (The Work Horse Relief Hospital), Mr. McCarthy took in 59 cats and kittens.

Mrs. Moog at our Roxbury Station received 71 animals. Some repairs will be needed this spring.

At North Bennett Street 55 animals were taken.

At the Neighborhood House in Cambridge 39 animals were received.

We are just starting a new Receiving Station in East Boston and can give no report of work as yet.

The Lynn Station is not quite ready for work but will be in order soon.

—————
The human race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire why it wasn't done the other way.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



Give Us Old Grist Mill Dog Bread

IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

Keeps Them Healthy—
Breath Sweet and Clean

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Beach 244.

DOGS AND CATS BOARDED

Individual Care. New Large Runs. Established 12 years.

MRS. NICHOLAS BROWNE, Jr.

DALE STREET, DEDHAM, MASS.

Telephone, Dedham 209-J

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It has no equal as a rearing food for orphan puppies, as a substitute food at weaning time, as a staminal and milk inducing food for the brood bitch, as a strengthening food for the adult dog in sickness and convalescence, or as a normal milk diet for cats and kittens.

PUPPILAC is Milk Powder so treated that there is no possible danger of rancidity.

Write for prices and send 2c stamp for catalogue "Dog Culture."

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FREE CLINIC FOR ALL ANIMALS

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51 CARVER
STREET

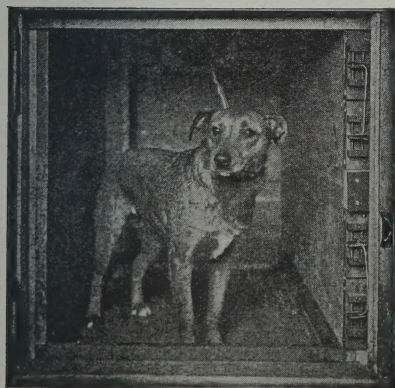
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SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

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*The Standard Scientific Method for the Humane,
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For full particulars address

The Animal Rescue League

51 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899



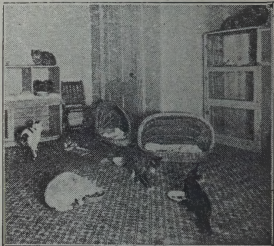
Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON



Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	19 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
STONEHAM	51 MARBLE STREET
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS

Animals received in 1921	51,772
Animals brought in by visitors	8,650
Copies of humane literature distributed	55,559



FOUR MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND EIGHT AGENTS
are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1921	27,785
Number of animals collected	41,895

A Free Clinic for Animals

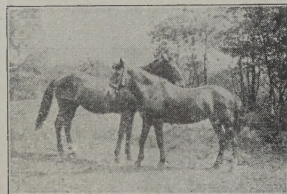
has been maintained for 21 years in charge of the League
Veterinarian **Dr. Frank J. Sullivan.**

Number of cases of small animals treated in 1921	18,250
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1921	500
Number of horses humanely killed, 1921	750
Number of horses given vacations	42



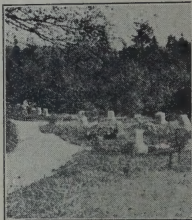
PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
238 Pine Street, Dedham

A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.



PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS
238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.

The Animal Rescue League 51 Carver Street, Boston

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, President

MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, Secretary

MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, Treasurer